

Cold by eusticegertrude

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Summary: Mike couldn't let Eleven go that night at Hawkins Middle. He had to help her, no matter what happened to him. AU centering on what would have happened if Mike had gotten to Eleven before she disappeared the night the Demogorgon came. AU from after Season 1, Episode 8.

Cold

Oh my god. This story idea literally hit me out of nowhere while I was doing laundry. I hope you guys like it, because I am actually so excited to explore this idea.

Tell me what you think!

Mike knew Mr. Clarke's room was a dumb idea.

He could have gotten them out of the school, away from the bad men and back towards safety. The school exit had been *right there*.

But he could tell Dustin was getting tired, and he couldn't carry El forever. He thought that the Bad Men, as El called them, would handle the Demogorgon. They had guns, after all. What a stupid idea to think that adults could handle everything. Adults couldn't handle anything.

Mike knew they were dead when the Demogorgon knocked down the door to Mr. Clarke's room. It wanted everyone, not just the adults. It wanted Eleven, and it wanted Mike, Dustin, and Lucas too. Lucas was shooting rocks at it, but they had almost no effect.

The Demogorgon was stalking closer, with measured, almost leisurely steps. It knew they had no where to hide. It was taking its time.

Lucas loaded his wrist rocket one last time, taking care to aim, even though he knew it would be of no use. They were dead. He shot the last rock he would have time for, before it reached them.

The Demogorgon flew back into the wall, slamming against the chalkboard. It tried to move, but it was pinned in place. Lucas, Dustin, and Mike all stared in complete shock. *What the hell?*

They heard a small sound behind them, and turned to see Eleven standing. She started walking towards the monster, brushing past the boys as she did so.

Mike watched in horror as Eleven walked past him. She looked awful

already, and he knew this would kill her. She was too drained. She had already done too much.

"Eleven, stop!" He moved to grab her hand, but before he could touch it she had blown him backwards into the cabinets along the wall.

Mike watched helplessly as she took slow, deliberate steps towards the beast that had been terrorizing Hawkins for the past week. When she was standing right in front of it, she turned around and looked back at Mike, her face a picture of sorrow. Mike could tell what she was thinking before she opened her mouth. She was going to do it. She was going to sacrifice herself for them, and she was going to die.

She would never get to go to the Snow Ball, she wouldn't have Nancy as her sister, she wouldn't ever know what a real life was like outside Hawkins Lab. She would never go to school with them. His mom would never get to cook for her. He wouldn't get the chance to be her friend, or her more than friend. He could feel his heart breaking, right then and there.

"Goodbye, Mike." She whispered. He watched her, crying. *No.*

She turned to face the Demogorgon again.

"No more." Her voice was determined now, like steel. She extended her hand towards the Demogorgon. A horrible, high-pitched scream came from the monster, causing the boys to slap their hands over their ears. Dustin and Lucas looked away, but Mike couldn't. He watched as the Demogorgon began to dissolve, piece by piece being stripped away into nothing. Eleven started screaming too.

Mike couldn't take it. He had to help her, to be there for her. He couldn't let her finish this. She couldn't just die.

He stood up, although his legs felt heavier than they ever had in his life. He struggled against the weight, and with a huge effort managed to move. To run.

He made it to Eleven just as she was completely surrounded by flakes of the stripped Demogorgon flesh. He grabbed her arm, and then everything went black.

Suddenly, the screaming stopped and the lights cut back on. Dustin turned back towards the front of the room, looking at the chalkboard with something between shock and horror on his face. Pieces of the Demogorgon were still swirling in the air, but they soon faded into nothing. The chalkboard had a gigantic black mark across one side, and the metal on both the top and bottom was bent out of shape. That was all that was left of the horror that was the Demogorgon.

Eleven was nowhere to be seen. Dustin turned to look down at Mike, but he was met with the empty spot where Mike had been thrown. Lucas was staring at the spot too, in disbelief. Not Mike too. Not with the shit show that was this week. This couldn't be happening.

Dustin was the first to recover.

"Mike! Mike! Eleven!"

"Mike!" Now Lucas joined in, and together they rushed to the front of the classroom, as if their friends were just hiding somewhere.

"Eleven! Mike! Where are you?" Dustin was yelling at the top of his lungs, tears already streaming down his face. He could hear the beginnings of sirens approaching from a distance.

"El? Mike?" Lucas' voice was quieter now, and when Dustin turned towards him he could see tears on his face too. They looked at each other in horrified shock. This couldn't be real. It just couldn't. But the proof was right there in front of them.

The Demogorgon was dead. And Eleven was gone.

And so was Mike.

Sorry this was kind of short, but don't worry. The next chapter will be much longer. And if anyone is reading my other story, don't worry! I'm almost done with Chapter 2 and I will post it soon. I ended up writing a lot more than I expected so it's taking me some time.

I'll be hopefully updating this soon too, considering I finally have some free time to write. Hope you enjoyed!